


The
Bluestocking
1912

Fay Mead
Mary Baldwin Seminary
Staunton
Virginia

1911-1912



BLUE STOCKING



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The Bluestocking

Published by

The Senior Literary Society



MCMXII

MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY

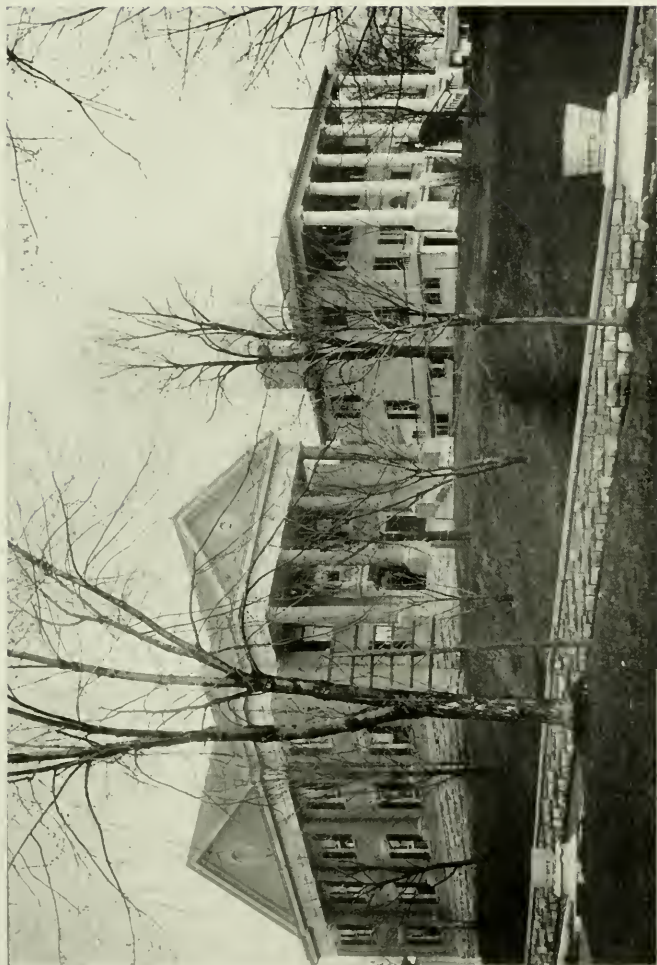
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

This book is dedicated to

Miss Martha Dunn Riddle

who, as teacher of history, and friend of every student,
has won, by her personal charm and force of
character, the love and esteem of all
who are so fortunate as to have
been associated with her

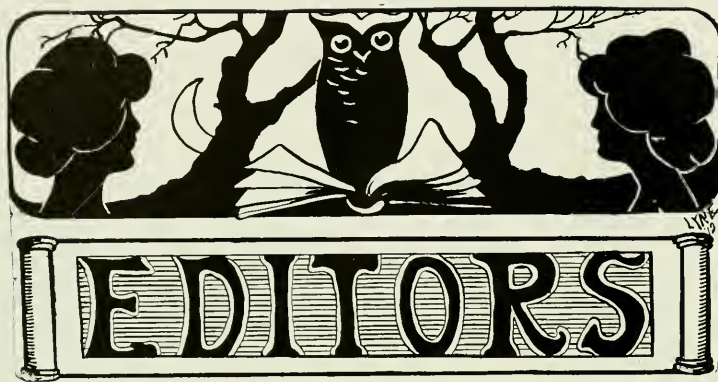




MEMORIAL HALL AND HILL-TOP

Foreword

Our aim has been to make this a true record of the happiest moments of the year, 1911-12. If we have accomplished this, our success is due to the students and members of the faculty who have helped us in our work—especially Miss Weimar, Miss Woodruff, Miss Meetze, Miss Shawen and Mr. King.



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Calendar

1911

Thursday, September 7 Session Opens
Wednesday, October 4 Miss Baldwin's Birthday
Thursday, November 30 Thanksgiving
Wednesday, December 20, 2 P. M. Christmas Vacation Begins

1912

Thursday, January 4, 9 A. M. Christmas Vacation Ends
Monday, January 22 Mid-Year Examinations Begin
Saturday, January 27 Mid-Year Examinations End
Wednesday, January 31 Miss McClung's Birthday
Monday, February 26 Holiday
Thursday, May 16 Final Examinations Begin
Friday, May 24 Final Examinations End
Friday, May 24 Art Reception
Sunday, May 26 Baccalaureate Sermon
Monday, May 27, 5 P. M. Association Day Exercises
Tuesday, May 28, 11 A. M. Commencement Exercises
Thursday, September 12 Session 1912-13 Opens

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Mary Baldwin Seminary

Session 1911-12

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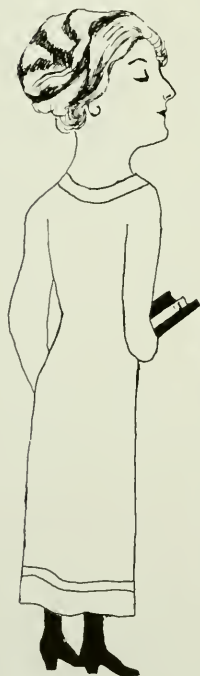
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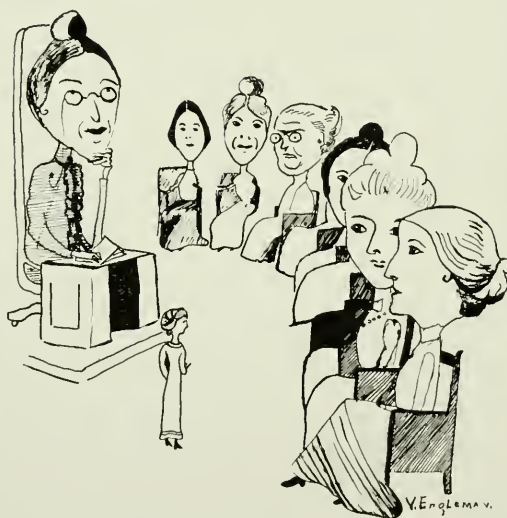
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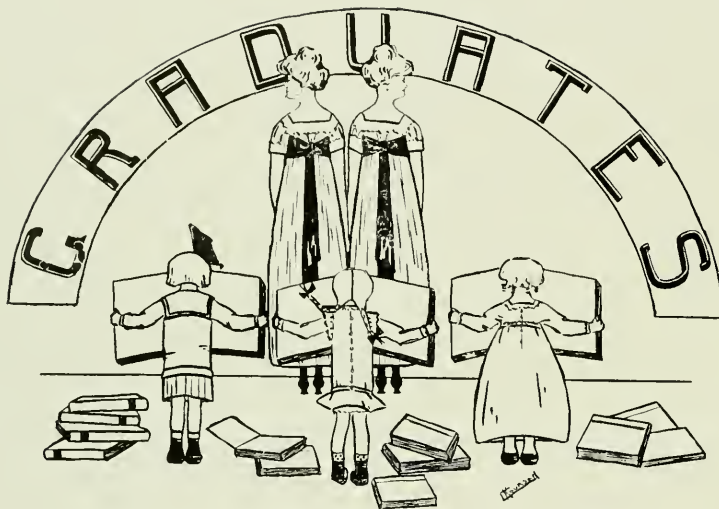
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Green and White

FLOWER

White Rose

MOTTO

"To see life steadily and see it whole."

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SARAH JAMES BELL.....	Historian
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FANNIE STRAUSS.....	Assistant Prophet
LUISE EISENBERG.....	Poet

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Sarah James Bell
Josephine Mansfield
Fannie Strauss

Nannie Timberlake

Luise Eisenberg
Elizabeth McCue
Kate Earle Terrell

KATE EARLE TERRELL

Birmingham, Alabama

"No duty could overtask her,
No need her will outrun."

Graduate in Literary Department; President Senior Class; President Student Association; President Senior Literary Society; Editor-in-Chief "The Bluestocking"; Y. W. C. A.; President Alabama Club; President C. O. D.; President Z. T. Z.; President J. E. N.; President German Club.



ELIZABETH WALLACE McCUE

French Camp, Mississippi

"They're only truly great who are truly good."

Graduate in Literary Department; Vice-President Senior Class; Class Prophet; Vice-President Student Association; Vice-President Senior Literary Society; Literary Editor "The Bluestocking"; Editor-in-Chief "The Miscellany"; President Y. W. C. A.; Z. T. Z.

NANNIE FAUNTLEROY TIMBERLAKE

Staunton, Virginia

"Wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower."

Graduate in Literary Department; Secretary Senior Class; Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society; Literary Editor "The Bluestocking"; Literary Editor "The Miscellany"; Vice-President Staunton Club; C. O. D.; President X. Y. Z.



FANNIE BARTH STRAUSS

Staunton, Virginia

"She was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."

Graduate in Literary Department; Treasurer Senior Class; Assistant Class Prophet; Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society; Business Manager "The Bluestocking"; Advertising Manager "The Miscellany"; Staunton Club.



SARAH JAMES BELL

Staunton, Virginia

"She knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

Graduate in Literary Department; Member Senior Class; Class Historian; Executive Board Student Association; Corresponding Secretary Senior Literary Society; President Staunton Club.



LUISE KATHERINE EISENBERG

Staunton, Virginia

"Men of few words are the best men."

Graduate in Literary Department; Member Senior Class; Class Poet; Executive Board Student Association; Staunton Club.

JOSEPHINE AUGUSTA MANSFIELD

Monticello, Illinois

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Graduate in Literary Department; Member Senior Class; Secretary and Treasurer Student Association; Treasurer Senior Literary Society; Literary Editor "The Bluestocking"; Y. W. C. A.; President Illinois Club.



NELLE ELIZABETH HINER

Churchville, Virginia

"The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the Master's spell."

Graduate in Instrumental Music; Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.; Virginia Club.

VIRGINIA WILLIAMSON MAGRUDER

Danville, Virginia

*"Fier fingers shame the ivory keys,
They dance so light along."*

Graduate in Instrumental Music; Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.; Troubadours; Virginia Club; C. O. D.; Z. T. Z.; German Club.



MINNIE TERESA MANSFIELD

Monticello, Illinois

*"Sweet and exact are the notes she plays
As her practice, in all her daily ways."*

Graduate in Instrumental Music; Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society; Illinois Club.

LUCY LAWRENCE LYNE

Orange, Virginia

"Here shall the pencil bid its colors flow,
And make a miniature creation grow."

Graduate in Art; Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society; Art Editor "The Bluestocking"; Secretary Y. W. C. A.; Secretary Virginia Club; C. O. D.; Z. T. Z.; J. E. N.



MABEL JANETTE ODENBAUGH

Mansfield, Ohio

"Her pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
Her manners were gentle, complying, and bland."

Graduate in Art; Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society; Art Editor "The Bluestocking"; Y. W. C. A.; Troubadours; Z. T. Z.; X. Y. Z.; German Club.

CARRIE GAINES TINSLEY

Clifton Forge, Virginia

"A flattering painter who made it her care,
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are."

Graduate in Art; Executive Board Student Association; Senior Literary Society; Virginia Club.



ELIZABETH BARKMAN

Staunton, Virginia

"Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made."

Post-Graduate in Instrumental Music;
Secretary and Treasurer Staunton Club.

ARGYLE TABB

Staunton, Virginia

"I can do with my pencil what I know,
What I see, what at the bottom of my
heart I wish for."

Post-Graduate in Art; Junior Literary Society; Staunton Club.





FLORA BAYLOR

Indian, Virginia

EVELYN MORRIS

Staunton, Virginia



Sophomore Class

PATRON
Miss Higgins.

MOTTO:
"Adversis major, par secundis."

Colors
Red and White

Flower
Richmond Red Rose

Frances Moore.....	President
Katharine Woodrow.....	Vice President
Sarah Caldwell.....	Secretary
Elizabeth Bell.....	Treasurer



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Mary Andrews

Annie Laura Camp

Estelle McCutchan

Frances Moore

Agnes Woods

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Elizabeth Bell

Sarah Caldwell

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Janet Morris

Katharine Woodrow

Lily Woods



Appreciation

As another school year draws to a close, and as so many of us are leaving M. B. S. never to return—as pupils—our thoughts naturally go back over the past, and as naturally linger on those of our teachers who have most influenced and directed our school life.

Prominent in this number is our instructor and, we like to think, our friend, Miss Virginia Margaret Strickler. If conscientiousness, thoroughness, and insistence that her pupils learn, be marks of a good teacher, then Miss Strickler is a “born teacher.” Her pupils are drilled and re-drilled in Latin, her specialty, but they learn not only Latin, but many other things which help to remove angles and give that contour and symmetry so essential to a well-rounded character. Our appreciation of her and her sterling qualities, grows as years roll on, and all who have taken Latin course under her, feel grateful for the genuine work she made them do.

Alma Mater, Baldwins

(Altered and adapted from a Princeton song written by
Dr. Henry Van Dyke.)

Tune—"Lauriger Horatius."

Hear the song we raise to thee,
Alma Mater, Baldwins.
Bringing joyful praise to thee,
Alma Mater, Baldwins.
Fair and full of fame thou art;
Pride of every loyal heart;
May thy glory ne'er depart,
Alma Mater, Baldwins.

Long ago thy Chapel towers,
Alma Mater, Baldwins.
Built by stronger hands than ours,
Alma Mater, Baldwins.
Echoed to the cannon's knock,
But withstood the dreaded shock,
Founded on the Living Rock,
Alma Mater, Baldwins.

City set upon a hill,
Alma Mater, Baldwins.
Filled with light, serene and still,
Alma Mater, Baldwins.
Here we linger at thy shrine,
We have lit our lamps at thine,
Clear and steadfast may they shine,
Alma Mater, Baldwins.

O, how lightly pass our days,
Alma Mater, Baldwins.
When we tread thy classic ways,
Alma Mater, Baldwins;
Underneath thy spreading trees,
We work or play or sit at ease,
Singing songs and merry glees,
Alma Mater, Baldwins.

So we lift this song to thee,
Alma Mater, Baldwins.
All our hearts belong to thee,
Alma Mater, Baldwins.
Faithful ever, may we be,
Baldwin girls, on land or sea,
Shout the chorus full and free,
Alma Mater, Baldwins.



LIT. SOCIETIES



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Vice President	Elizabeth McCue
Recording Secretary	Mary Mayes
Corresponding Secretaries	{ Eleanor Teague Sarah James Bell
Treasurer	Josephine Mansfield

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Dorothy Canfield,	Virginia Lee Smith,
Janie Davis,	Fannie Strauss,
Mary Gordon,	Virginia Switzer,
Louise Gregory,	Eleanor Teague,
Catherine Hickox,	Kate Earle Terrell,
Nelle Hiner,	Nannie Timberlake,
Mattie Lamb,	Carrie Tinsley,
Lucy Lyne,	Marion Wicks,
Virginia Magruder,	Katharine Woodrow.

Junior Literary Society

OFFICERS.

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Frances Moore.....	Vice President
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Fay Mead	Librarian

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Lucie Bull,
Mary Butler,
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Harriette Deal,
Mildred Droege,
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Hazel Ford,
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Ann Adele Hicks,

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Katherine Neilson,
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Bertha Robinson,
Alice Rogers,
Annah Ruckman,
Louise St. John,
Argyle Tabb,
Antoinette Tyssowski,
Corinne White,
Frances Williams,
Edith Williamson,
May Wise,
Agnes Woods,
Lily Woods.

The Mary Baldwin Miscellany

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Ellen Bell Exchange Editor

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of the

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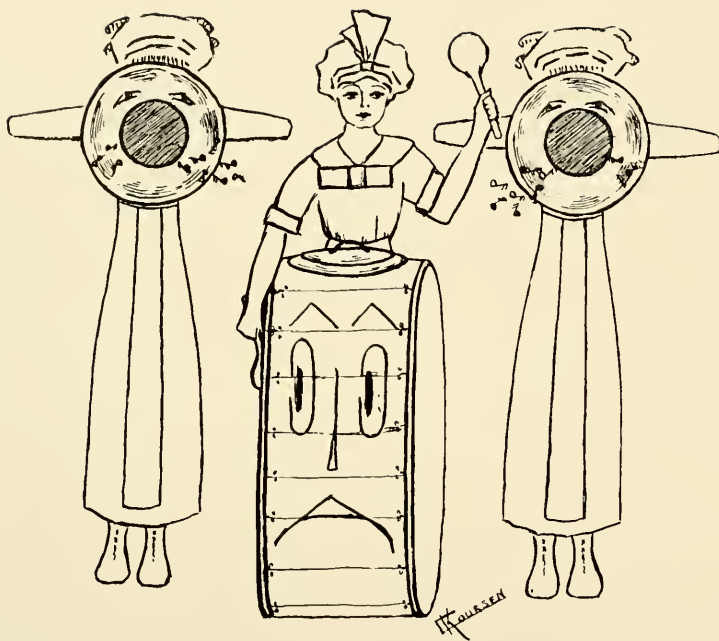
The Student Association is composed of the whole student body of the Seminary, and is under the direction of an Executive Board which consists of the graduates of the current year and prominent officers of various organizations.

The Association wishes to extend sincere thanks to Miss Mattoon, the founder of the organization, for her interest in the work, and for her constant assistance and advice.



Y. W. C. A.

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FRANCES MOORE.....	Vice-President
LUCY LYNE.....	Secretary
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VIRGINIA LIPSCOMB.....	Chairman of Missionary Committee





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Herr Wilmar Robert Schmidt.

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ORGAN

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VIOLINS

Ruth Stewart, Helen Green, Louise Hickox, Marguerite
Hooper, Louise Whitaker, Marion Wicks, Katherine
Skinner, Ola Allison, Mildred Beauchamp,
Ruth Carter, Mary Sue Bowman

MANDOLINS

Mattie Lamb, Katherine Neilson, Edith Bryson.

KETTLEDRUMS

Lucie Bull.

CYMBALS

Katharine Woodrow.

TROUBADOURS.



The Troubadours

MOTTO

"Never keep quiet when you can make a noise."

COLORS

Cray and Gold

FLOWER

Yellow Tulip

MASCOT

Screech Owl

Katharine H. Woodrow	President
Marion Wicks	Vice President
Ellen Bell	Secretary
Mabel Odenbaugh	Treasurer

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Ola Allison,	Louise Lacy,
Mildred Beauchamp,	Virginia Lipscomb,
Lydia Beck,	" "
Mildred Becker,	Christine Lowe,
Ellen Bell,	Virginia Magruder,
Mary Sue Bowman,	Florence Moon,
Edith Bryson,	Louise Moore,
Mary Butler,	Mabel Odenbaugh ,
Elizabeth Camp,	Marguerite Penn,
Mila Criss,	Elizabeth Pindell,
Janie Davis,	Dorothy Rhodes,
Mildred Droege,	Fannie Rubel,
Luise Eisenberg,	Kathryn Schaeffer,
Mary Elva Glendy,	Marguerite Ward,
Louise Gregory,	Corinne White,
Martha Ann Hayes,	Marion Wicks,
Catherine Hickox,	Katharine Woodrow,
Martha Jordan,	Lily Woods.

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Herr Wilmar Robert Schmidt

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Edwina Brotherton	Florence E. Miller
Virginia Brown	Helen Moon
Mary Butler	Louise Moore
Edith Bryson	Anna Morrison
Sarah Caldwell	Mabel Odenbaugh
Elizabeth Camp	Mary Overby
Nell Candler	Marguerite Penn
Ruth Carter	Dorothy Rhodes
Lillian Clark	Fannie Rubel
Katharine Coursen	Kathryn Schaeffer
Mila Criss	Katherine Skinner
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Corinne De Berry	Antoinette Tysowski
Mildred Droege	Marguerite Ward
Mary Elva Glendy	Anna Weaver
Helen Green	Corinne White
Louise Gregory	Louise Whitaker
Martha Ann Hayes	Marion Wicks
Martha Jordan	Lily Woods
Louise Lacy	Katharine Woodrow
Mattie Lamb	Esther Wool



A VIRGINIA HEROINE

Given February 16, 1912, under the direction of Miss Hamlin, for
the benefit of the King's Daughters' Hospital





C. O. D.

COLOR

Red

FLOWER

Carnation

Kate Earle Terrell President

MEMBERS

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Elizabeth Bell

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Lucie Bull

Sarah Caldwell

Alice Graham

Louise Gregory

Lucy Lyne

Virginia Magruder

Kathleen McElderry

Lucile Millsaps

Frances Moore

Todd Saffell

Margaret St. Clair

Eleanor Teague

Kate Earle Terrell

Nannie Timberlake

Sarah Wilson





Z. U. Z.

COLOR
Red and Black

FLOWER
American Beauty

MOTTO
"Do unto others, for they'd like to do you, but do them first."

Kate Earle TerrellPresident

MEMBERS

Clare Adams	Carrie Long
Ola Allison	Lucy Lyne
Dorothy Andrews	Virginia Magruder
Mary Andrews	Elizabeth McCue
Marion Bankhead	Mabel Odenbaugh
Lydia Beck	Fair Searson
Edwina Brotherton	Eleanor Teague
Ellen Lamar Camp	Esther Thomas
Fannie Craddock	Antoinette Tyssowski
Gladys Davis	Katharine Woodrow
Harriette Deal	Agnes Woods
Mattie Lamb	Lily Woods





FLOWER
Cat-Tails.

COLORS
Green and Black.

Edith Bryson President

MEMBERS

Clare Adams

Edith Baush

Mary Black

Edith Bryson

Annie Laura Camp

Elizabeth Camp

Nell Candler

Janie Davis

Dorothy Deatherage

Sallie Elaine Deatherage

Cynthia Hassler

Louise Hickox

Ann Adele Hicks

Margaret Holt

Lorna McCarger

Louise Moore

Dorothy Rhodes

Kathryn Schaeffer

Theresa Smith

Josephine Steed

Antoinette Tyssowski

Lily Woods





Α. Υ. Ζ.

Nannie F. Timberlake	/	Presidents
Eleanor Teague	\		

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	Mary Andrews		
		Dorothy Andrews	
		Ellen Bell	
			Sarah Caldwell
			Dorothy Carr
			Frances Moore
Mabel Odenbaugh			
	Todd Saffell		
		Margaret St. Clair	
		Eleanor Teague	
			Nannie Timberlake
			Katharine Woodrow







Most Worshipful Boy of
the Kinchujings - "Terrell"
Lord of the Halighat and Keeper
of the Sacred Cell - "Pindell"
Akbar Lashi - "Lamb"
Katub Minar - "White"
Hhad ad-Daulat - "Allison"
Shah-Jehaujain - "L. Hickox"
Arhaphurmatashi - "Lyne"
Siwa Dayhl - "Dillard"
Harjoradi - "Bankhead"
Kalliz Kreggah - "Beck"
Hadi ab-Shuntat - "A. L. Camp"
Maj-Purnah - "Wilson"
Kistiam Akbar - "Bolin"





K. E. U.

COLORS
Violet and White.

FLOWER
Violet.

MOTTO
"The Golden Key Unlocks All Doors."

Lucie BullPresident

MEMBERS

Lucie Bull	Mary Butler
Katharine Coursen	Fannie Craddock
Janie Davis	Louise Gregory
Marzelle Hart	Ruth Hopwood
Louise Lacy	Lucile Millsaps
Anne Peach	Dorothy Rhodes
Molly Worthington	





COLORS

Green and Lavender.

FLOWER

Lily of the Valley.

Virginia Lipscomb.....President

MEMBERS

Edith Baush

Mary Black

Elizabeth Camp

Harriette Deal

Ann Adele Hicks

Louise Lacy

Virginia Lipscomb

Louise Moore

Anna Morrison

Anne Peach

Kathryn Schaeffer

Theresa Smith

Josephine Steed

Virginia Winter





MOTTO

"Red hair till we dye."

Agnes Woods.....	President
Catherine Hickox.....	Secretary
Dorothy Carr.....	Treasurer

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Lyons

Frances Mayberry

MEMBERS

Mildred Beauchamp
Sarah Caldwell
Dorothy Carr
Elizabeth Cox

Catherine Hickox
Lucille Johnston
Mary Leaman
Florence Moon

Todd Saffell
Virginia Lee Smith
Esther Thomas
Agnes Woods



S. L. G.

MOTTO

"One for all, and all for one."

Colors

Red and White

Flower

Carnation

Dean Dillard	President
Lilla Tynes	Vice President
Fair Searson	Secretary
Elizabeth Felder	Treasurer
Mabel Lockett	News Reporter
Kathleen McElderry	Business Manager



U. H. S.

Ellen Lamar Camp	President
Katharine Coursen	Vice President
Mattie Lane Lamb	Secretary and Treasurer
Margaret Holt	Sergeant-at-Arms



FLOWER
Violet

COLORS
Black and Green

Mary Butler
Edith Bryson
Ellen L. Camp
Dorothy Carr

MEMBERS
Katharine Coursen
Dorothy Deatherage
Sallie Elaine Deatherage
Cynthia Hassler
Lily Woods

Margaret Holt
Mattie Lane Lamb
Virginia Lipscomb
Elizabeth Pindell

MOTTO

"Vivimus inter nos vivimus pro nobis."



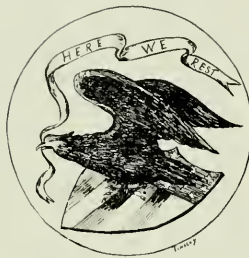
German Club

Kate Earle Terrell	President
Eleanor Teague	Treasurers
Ellen Bell	

MEMBERS

Mary Alexander	Virginia Lipscomb
Edith Baush	Virginia Magruder
Edith Bryson	Lorna McCarger
Lucie Bull	Kathleen McElderry
Mary Butler	Lucile Millsaps
Sarah Caldwell	Frances Moore
Nell Candler	Mabel Odenbaugh
Dorothy Carr	Elizabeth Pindell
Katharine Coursen	Todd Saffell
Janie Davis	Fair Searson
Dean Dillard	Josephine Steed
Cynthia Hassler	Corinne White
Margaret Holt	Sarah Wilson
Mattie Lamb	Molly Worthington





Alabama Club

MOTTO

"Dixie till I die."

COLORS

Red and White.

FLOWER

American Beauty

MASCOT

Bulldog

OFFICERS

Kate Earle Terrell	President
Sarah Wilson	Secretary

MEMBERS

Marion Bankhead	Jasper
Edwina Brotherton	Jasper
Anna Laura Camp	Talladega
Dean Dillard	Birmingham
Marguerite Hooper	Selma
Margaret Houston	Selma
Louise Lacy	Jasper
Minnie Moore Lollar	Jasper
Carrie Long	Jasper
Kathleen McElderry	Talladega
Fannie Rubel	Birmingham
Elna Russell	Anniston
Kate Earle Terrell	Birmingham
Lilla Tynes	Birmingham
Sarah Wilson	Birmingham



Illinois Club

COLORS
Blue and Gold.

FLOWER
Violet.

MOTTO
"State Sovereignty, National Union."

OFFICERS

Josephine Mansfield	President
Elizabeth Pindell.....	Secretary
Louise Gregory	Treasurer

MEMBERS

Emma Ford	Chicago
Helen Green	Chicago
Louise Gregory	Alton
Catherine Hickox	Springfield
Louise Hickox	Springfield
Josephine Mansfield	Monticello
Minnie Mansfield	Monticello
Elizabeth Pindell	Peoria
Najah Woodward	Chicago



New Jersey Club

MOTTO

"Let's go hand in hand, not one before another."

COLORS

Orange and Black.

FLOWER

Orchid.

OFFICERS

Edna Baldwin.....	President
Dorothy Holmes.....	Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Dorothy Andrews	Newark
Mary Andrews	Newark
Edna Baldwin	Bloomfield
Dorothy Holmes	Little Silver
Helen Shackelford	Camden
Theresa Smith	Englewood
Ruth Stewart	Bound Brook



Pennsylvania Club

MOTTO:

"Yankee Doodle till I die."

COLORS

Red and Blue.

FLOWER

Red Rose.

OFFICERS

Frances Moore.....	President
Katharine Coursen.....	Vice President
Lucie Bull.....	Secretary
Edith Baush.....	Treasurer

MEMBERS

Edith Baush	Margaret Holt
Mary Black	Ruth Hopwood
Lucie Bull	Mary Leaman
Katharine Coursen	Frances Moore
Mila Criss	Helen Moon
Matilda Cross	May Wise
Hester Donley	



Stamton Club

COLORS
Blue and White.

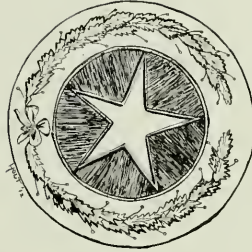
FLOWER
Dandelion.

OFFICERS

Sarah J. Bell	President
Nannie Timberlake	Vice President
Elizabeth Barkman	Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Elizabeth Bell	Rose Harman	Janet Morris
Mary Lou Bell	Susie Harris	Martha McGuire
Annie Bosserman	Maggie Henderson	Beulah Neff
Mary Sue Bowman	Evelyn Hoge	Margaret Norris
Virginia Burwell	Sibyl Johnston	King Nelson
Mary Wallace Callison	Xenia Kelley	Lelia O'Rork
Margaret Dudley	Helen Lang	Helen Patterson
Luise Eisenberg	Vernon Liclides	Flossie Skinner
Virginia Engleman	Bessie McCue	Charlotte Spotts
Elizabeth Hamer	Estelle McCutchan	Virginia Switzer
Mary Preston Hanger	Evelyn Morris	Fannie Strauss
	Virginia Wyse	



Texas Club

FLOWER
Sunflower.

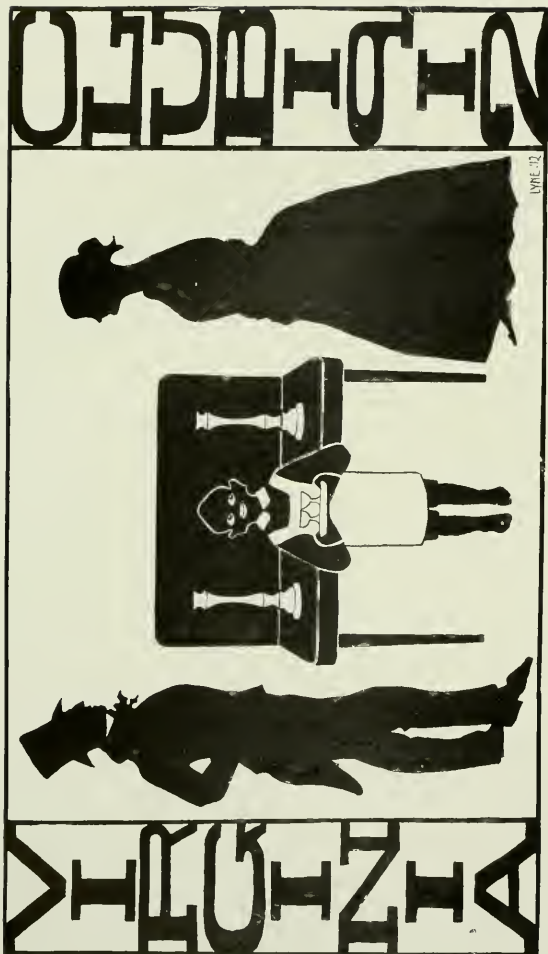
COLORS
Black and Gold.

OFFICERS

Elizabeth Camp	President
Louise Moore	Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Elizabeth Camp	San Antonio
Ellen Camp	San Antonio
Marian Connally	Dallas
Elizabeth Felder	Dallas
Marzelle Hart	Weatherford
Ann Adele Hicks	San Antonio
Frances Mayberry	Houston
Lucile Millsaps	Edgewood
Louise Moore	San Antonio



TYPE 12

Virginia Club

MOTTO

"Sic Semper Tyrannis."

COLORS

Orange and Blue.

OFFICERS

President	Ellen Bell
Vice President	Sarah Caldwell
Secretary	Lucy L. Lyne
Treasurer	Flora Baylor

Members in Faculty

Miss Weimar	Miss McFarland	Miss Shawen
Miss Garrett	Miss A. Riddle	Miss Smithey
Miss Higgins	Miss J. Riddle	Miss Streit
Miss Meetze	Miss M. Riddle	Miss Strickler
	Miss Williamson	

Active Members

Clare Adams	Alice Graham	Alice Rodgers
Flora Baylor	Nell Hiner	Anna Ruckman
Ellen Bell	Mary Bell Hyde	Fair Searson
Bess Bell	Mattie Lamb	Lily Shaw
Mary Lee Berlin	Sarah Lapsley	Marion Spinner
Mildred Borden	Lucy L. Lyne	Margaret St. Clair
Sarah Caldwell	Virginia Magruder	Carrie Tinsley
Fannie Craddock	Florence Moon	Hattie Tinsley
Blanche Finks	Mary Overby	Marguerite Ward
Mary Elva Glendy	Anne Peach	Edith Williamson
	Esther Wool	

Literary Department



PRIZES FOR ANNUAL WORK

For the best poem, offered by Mr. A. W. McClure and won by Miss Vernon Licliden.

For the best essay, offered by Mr. H. L. Lang and won by Miss Elizabeth McCue.

For the best story, offered by the Beverly Book Store and won by Miss Vernon Licliden.

For the best art work, offered by Mr. W. C. Marshall and won by Miss Lucy Lyne.

A Day

(Prize Poem).

'Tis morning! The sun is just peeping
O'er mountains far distant and blue.
The birds have awaked from their sleeping,
The grass is all sparkling with dew.
A breeze from the hilltop is blowing;
The flow'rs gently wave to and fro.
The clear brooklet sings in its flowing,
The clouds are as fleecy as snow.

'Tis midday! The fierce sun is shining
Straight down on the hot earth below.
The flowers for moisture are pining,
The brooklet is languid and slow.
The birds have all ceased their sweet singing.
The insects hum under the leaves.
In the distance a clear bell is ringing.
As it calls the men in from the sheaves.

'Tis evening! The large sun is sinking,
The clouds are all golden and red.
The birds in their small nests are blinking,
The great world is going to bed.
The breeze is again cool and blowing
From mountains so distant and grey.
From the hilltops the cattle are lowing,
As they bid their farewell to the day.

Vernor Liclides.

Twin Heroes

Beowulf and Roland

(Prize Essay)



UNTIL a comparatively recent date, the epics, "Beowulf," and "The Song of Roland," had been regarded by scholars as parts of the folk lore of other peoples, and therefore beyond the pale of English Literature. However, within the last fifty years, these epics have received more and more attention, and are coming to be considered as belonging to us as well as to the Anglo-Saxons and to the French. As a result, the heroes, Beowulf and Roland, are becoming as familiar as are Arthur and his knights of the Round Table.

The men, Roland and Beowulf, really existed, although it required the skill of ancient gleemen to make of them the heroes we find them. Roland was a prefect of the marches in Charlemagne's army during his Spanish campaign; and authentic history records only the meagre fact that he was killed in the battle of Roncevaux, an engagement between the Basques and the rear-guard of Charles' army. Beowulf was the nephew of Chochilaicus (the Hygelac of the epic), and was noted for his ability as a swimmer. Both lived in the sixth century. To these few facts, much that is fiction has been added. A brief resume of the two stories will make this perfectly clear.

Beowulf, hearing that his father's old friend, Hrothgar, king of the Danes, was in sore distress because of the monster, Grendel, who for twelve years had been ravishing the country, carrying off human beings, and devouring them in his lair, went immediately to deliver the old king and his people from the marauder. On the first night of Beowulf's visit, Grendel came to Hrothgar's mead hall, where the guests were sleeping, slew one of Beowulf's companions, and reached out for the Geatish hero himself. He was not to be as successful as usual that night, for he found his arm caught in a vice-like grip which was thirty times as powerful as that of an ordinary man. Since Grendel was immune to weapons of any kind, the outcome had to be decided by a sort of wrestling match, although Beowulf's men used their swords bravely.

Finally Grendel, having lost an arm and shoulder, escaped to his lair to die. The next night his mother came to avenge his death. She killed one of the Danes, and escaped, but Beowulf tracked her to her den under the mere, where, after a fierce struggle, he slew her with a large sword which he spied hanging on the wall. He then cut off the head of Grendel, whose corpse lay at one end of the cave, and carried it with the hilt of the sword—Grendel's blood having melted the blade—to the mead hall, and presented them to Hrothgar. His mission accomplished, he returned to his native land, loaded down with rich presents from Hrothgar. At home he continued to increase in honor and in the esteem of the people. When his uncle, Hygelac, had been killed in a battle with the Franks, he saved the Geatish army by a marvelous feat of swimming. For this he was offered the crown, but refused to accept it so long as his cousin lived. When at last he became king, he ruled the people well and happily until a dragon burnt his mead hall. Although he was very old, he sallied forth to rid his kingdom of its last enemy. He was accompanied by twelve men, but eleven of them fled when the conflict began. However, with the aid of the twelfth man, Wiglaf, Beowulf slew the dragon, but he himself had swallowed flame, and did not live many minutes longer. He had only time to look at a few of the treasures which Wiglaf brought from the dragon's cave, and to dispose of his armor, before he died. His subjects mourned for him greatly. After having burned his body, they placed his ashes with the treasure he had won, in a large mound which they built on a cliff near by.

According to "La Chanson de Roland," Charlemagne, having conquered all the cities of Spain but Saragossa, received messengers from the king, Marsila, and in reply sent Ganelon to arrange the terms by which the city should come over to him peaceably. Instead of executing his commission, Ganelon plotted with Marsila to bring about the dishonor of France through the death of Roland, whom Charles should leave with a picked rear-guard in a pass near Saragossa. A contract was made and hostages given by Marsila, and Charlemagne started for France immediately, leaving Roland, his nephew, with twenty thousand picked men, exactly as Ganelon had promised that he should do. Before Charles had been gone a day, Roland's friend, Oliver, saw a host of Saracens approaching in battle array. He at once warned Roland, and begged him to sound his ivory horn. The blast of this horn

could be heard for thirty leagues, and the whole French army knew its note. They would recognize it as a signal of distress and return to aid the rear-guard almost by the time the Saracens attacked them. So Oliver argued, adding that a victory could thus be gained easily, and without much bloodshed. Roland knew this, but he could not persuade himself to recall the rest of the army, and bring France to the dishonor which would result if one of her most distinguished sons turned coward at the sight of the foe and called for help. His uncle was old, and had left him to defend France at Roncevaux. Therefore instead of calling for reinforcements, he bade his men prepare for battle and for death, and fight bravely that their country might have more honor even though they lost their lives. The men responded so enthusiastically to his plea that the first Saracen army was completely destroyed. A second army arrived before the victors had time to rest, and through the unusual bravery of Roland, Oliver and Archbishop Turpin, this force was routed, but not before all the Franks had been slain, and their leaders mortally wounded. Just before this engagement was over, Roland blew his horn. Charles heard the signal, recognized its meaning, and came at once, but too late to save his nephew, or the brave rear-guard. However, he wreaked vengeance on the Saracens, and finally took Saragossa.

As different as the nations who first sang of their brave deeds, are the characters of the two men whose illustrious careers are the theme of these epics. The Frank, with his dark hair and snapping black eyes, was a warrior belonging to a nation far advanced in Christian civilization. Upright and devout, he was temperate in all places save in battle, where he "waxed wroth" and fought like a fury. He was not free from superstition, but this is not surprising, when we consider the age in which he lived. His sense of honor was so great that it led him to sacrifice himself and his soldiers, the flower of France, rather than call for others to help him do what he had been appointed to do, namely, to protect France. Plausible arguments might have been found to make his retreat from Roncevaux seem great and magnanimous, but such a course could not have satisfied him, and he chose death in preference to retreat, or the saving blast of his horn. It is, then, no marvel that his friends loved and respected him, that his enemies feared, while they were forced to admire him, and that his name was known and revered far above that of his sovereign.

In marked contrast to Roland, who had always been respected at home, was Beowulf, who was regarded by his countrymen as an ordinary person, until he slew Grendel and his mother. He was an unusually good swimmer, and was as strong as thirty of his companions; but because he would not use his strength to oppress the weak and unfortunate, and because he was not fond of exhibiting his skill, he was deemed a sluggard. He was always ready to help the weak, or to deliver those in distress, winning for himself the title of "defence" of all who needed protection. He, too, had a sense of honor, as well as Roland, for although he did not know that his weapons could not wound Grendel, he refused to engage in anything but a hand to hand conflict, because the monster did not understand the use of human inventions for defence. He, however, would not have deemed it infamous to save the rear-guard at Roncevaux, and would no doubt have found some way to do it without bringing reproach upon his country. In fact, he solved just that kind of difficulty in the battle with the Franks in which Hygelac was killed. It is not strange that he was offered his uncle's crown, which his sense of justice led him to refuse; nor is it astonishing that his subjects found no pleasure in the treasures bought with his life, but placed them where, as they believed, he could use them to increase his honor in the world beyond.

Different as these men were in the opportunities which they enjoyed, and in the deeds which they performed, they will have equal share in the love and admiration of succeeding generations so long as "Beowulf" and "The Song of Roland" exist in print or memory.

ELIZABETH W. McCUE.

Miriam's Match-making

(Prize Story)



YES, my dear, he's a most excellent young man, and will make a most charming husband for our Vi. Now I depend upon you for the proper management of it all. I would do it myself, were I not forced to go abroad for my wretched health. I've made many a successful match in my day, though!" and Mrs. Isabel Walsh, who from her size looked as if she had never seen an ill day in all her life, sighed deeply, and then helped herself bountifully from a box of chocolates.

"But, Aunt, I know nothing at all about such things, and furthermore, I don't care to. If Viola Stanley ever marries, it will certainly be of her own accord. I'd like to know what right I'd have to meddle in her affairs! Besides I don't believe she cares a thing for Guy Chilton."

"Tush, child, how you talk!" said Mrs. Walsh, as she brandished her lorgnette, and tapped her white slipper impatiently. "And do you think that you, a mere girl, know better than I, who am experienced? I say that Guy is intended for my pet, love or no love! He fulfills every requirement—he's wealthy, good-looking and attractive, while she—well, she's just dazzling. Four years of New York society have done her no end of good," and once more the candy box was raided. "If I had had you a few years, you would have been married long ago, my dear."

Miriam Stanley looked angrily at her aunt, but said merely, "Well?"

"Well," repeated her aunt sharply, "well, I want you to manage this business for me. You have a splendid opportunity here at the house-party, and I think you have good common sense. Now, Miriam, it's your duty, as the head of your father's house, to look after the welfare of your younger sister. Ted and Harry can look out for themselves. Now won't you try?"

Miriam hesitated. She knew the whole thing was foolish, and she wished to have nothing to do with it; yet she dreaded those hard, cold, search-

ing, grey eyes behind the gold lorgnette. Finally, for the sake of peace, she said meekly, "Yes, Aunt, I'll try."

"There's a dear!" exclaimed Aunt Isabel, twirling (or at least attempting to twirl) her fat fingers so that the diamonds flashed and gleamed upon them. "Of course you'll succeed. You can have all kinds of charming moonlight trips up the river, or garden parties—in fact anything where you can be a lenient chaperone."

"Chaperone indeed!" thought the indignant Miriam, but again, for the sake of peace, no word escaped her lips.

"Well, my dear," said the now benignant "Aunt" as she nibbled the last chocolate, "I must go up and take my daily nap, as I have a slight headache. It's a wonder, too, for it's so quiet in this little place that one hardly knows one is living. How I wish I had never ordered those staterooms! I could accomplish so much if I spent the summer here," but as she labored up the stairway, Miriam could not help being glad that things "were as they were."

Left alone, she tried to think. "Your duty to your younger sister" kept running through her head, and she began to believe that Aunt Isabel might be right after all. Just then cries of "Miriam, Miriam, come on out and play tennis," were heard, and she left the room, only too glad to think of more pleasant things.

Since her mother's death, four years ago, Miriam Stanley had kept house for her father and brothers. In so doing, she had given up her own precious plans and hopes, but still she was rewarded by the adoration of two hearty brothers, and the love of her father. Everybody in town respected her, loved her, and soon the Stanley home became the most popular gathering-place for the younger set. Indeed, many a time the large old house fairly shook upon its foundations with fun and laughter.

The younger daughter, Viola, had spent her last four years in New York, with her Aunt Isabel, who had given her every advantage. At first the fine residence, pretty dresses, and gay, strenuous living were a great charm for the young girl, but gradually she tired of it all and longed for her old Virginia home, for her brothers and sister, and above all for "Dad." Finally she could stand it no longer, and announced to her horrified aunt,

her intentions of going home. Of course a scene ensued, in the end of which Viola was victorious, and Aunt Isabel decided to see her charge safely home, and then travel abroad with her maid, "for her health."

It happened when Viola arrived, that her two brothers, Ted and Harry, had just come home from college, and had brought with them several of their "frat brothers." One of these, Guy Chilton, proved to be an old acquaintance of Vi's; so things began to be lively from the first. A few days later, some more friends came, and together with the "town crowd," who dropped in every day, a regular house party commenced, which bade fair to be, in Ted's opinion, a "perfect peach." It was then that Mrs. Walsh conceived her "beautiful plan" for the still "more beautiful match"; and then it was that poor Miriam became involved.

In two more days, Aunt Isabel departed, and all due honors were accorded her leave taking. Ted was in tears (so he said), while Harry, with his eye upon her large hand-bag, begged her to come again as soon as she possibly could. The hand that Miriam gave her aunt, trembled somewhat, but she smiled cheerfully as the latter said, "I'll reward you well, my dear, if it works all right. Farewell, ma chere," and then she mounted into the train, followed by the cheers of the group on the platform.

At home, Miriam began to think of everything, and she felt thoroughly ashamed of herself. "Still," she reasoned, "it's no harm, I reckon, and no one will ever know the difference. It will only be a good joke on Aunt Isabel or me either way it works."

After a few days of merriment had passed, however, and Miriam had seen more of the victim of the plot, her mind changed. It would be nice to have Guy for a brother-in-law, after all. How handsome he was in his white flannels, and how tall and athletic! Then his dark and straight brown hair contrasted so delightfully with Vi's blue eyes and light, curly tresses! Oh, Yes, Aunt Isabel was right, and Vi must have him! "But," she sighed, "it will be hard."

That evening when Miriam and Viola were alone, for the first time since the latter had arrived, the elder sister casually inquired, "How long have you known Guy Chilton, Vi?"

"About three years," was the careless reply.

"What do you think of him?" was the second question.

"I don't know. I guess he'll do."

"Do you like him, Vi?"

"Silly child, don't be so inquisitive," said Viola, laughing, and Miriam was as yet ignorant of her sister's feelings. Still, as she looked at Vi, she saw a vague dreamy expression in the violet eyes, and a slight smile upon the whimsical lips. "A good sign," she thought. Was she right?

That night as Miriam was brushing her hair by the window, she heard talking on the veranda beneath. Now and then the breeze drifted it up, and (she held her breath), she heard Guy's voice. "Yes," it went on, "she is a most attractive girl, but I can't get one word from her. She's the most distant person I ever saw. Won't you boys help me?"

Crash! went the brush as it clattered to the floor. Yes, she was sure now! It could be done and she could fix it all right!

A series of rollicking good times in general followed. There were informal dances in plenty, auto trips to the country, picnics, old-fashioned parties, and canoe trips up the river. Miriam tried, on all occasions, to bring Viola and Guy together, but strange to say, he always requested her presence as well. Once he positively refused to drive a machine which she would not be in, and another time when she could not go along, he would not either. She thought that he desired her as a "lenient chaperone," and gladly accepted his little matter-of-fact attentions, for Vi's sake. Yet she had a strange feeling of happiness.

At all times Miriam was her own, free, natural self. When conversation lagged, it was her ready wit that brightened things up. When amusements ran out, she was right on hand with something new to propose. There was a certain elation in her mind that her little plan was working out well, and this added all the more to her attractiveness. Aunt Isabel would not be disappointed, and she—well, she liked Guy Chilton and wanted him in the family.

Viola always looked her prettiest in Aunt Isabel's handsome, but tastefully selected gowns. Her unaffected manners, enhanced by a certain indifference, rendered her ever the center of attraction. All the boys were her humble slaves, and vied with each other in performing her least command. Miriam noted with secret pleasure, that the "dreamy expression"

was frequent, and once she caught Viola hastily concealing a picture. Things looked promising.

The time flew, as all good times do, and finally the night before breaking up the house party arrived, everyone was too tired to do a thing but sit around and try his best to be amiable. Lazy-looking chairs, containing occupants all, filled the large veranda, and conversation dragged. Miriam felt somewhat depressed, for she feared that the thing was a failure after all. Suddenly, however, she saw two figures steal down to the yard-swing not far from the porch, and her spirits rose considerably.

The next morning Miriam awoke with the sun. Realizing that there would be much to do during the day, she arose, hastily dressed, and went down upon the veranda. The porch pillows scattered here and there recalled to her the past night, and she sighed at the thought of the farewells that must come. A few tears even fell, as she straightened things here and there.

"Do you need any assistance, Mir—er—Miss Stanley"? said a pleasant voice, as the figure of Chilton emerged from the door. "If you do, here's your man."

Miriam flushed with pleasure, and hastily wiped away her tears. "Good morning, Guy. Come and enjoy the breeze with me. I have about finished now."

As Guy Chilton took his seat beside her in the porch swing, his face changed—indeed he wore an expression that Miriam had never seen before. She was puzzled.

"May I speak to you a few moments about—about something very important? I have tried for a long time to do so, but there's been no opportunity. Always a crowd or something! When I could get you alone, you would run away to attend to some other business. Now's my last chance. I've spoken to Viola about it, and she is willing. I await only your consent, will you give it?"

"Oh, do you really want to marry Vi?" exclaimed the delighted Miriam. "I'm so glad, and wish you all the happiness in the world. Vi will make an ideal—

"Vi," he exclaimed, "I don't want Vi at all. You are the one."

Then Miriam, for the first time in her life became embarrassed. She

had made a "terrible mess" of it all, and Aunt Isabel—O horror of horrors!

"But Vi," was all she could gasp.

"Why," said Viola, as she bounded out of the door, "I've been engaged to Jack Whitney, of New York, for three years, you dear, foolish match-maker you!"

And then, with Guy's arm about her, Miriam realized everything.

VERNON LICLIDER.



Highwaymen Both



"H mother, I don't want to go. Yes, I know we pretend to be such good friends, and I do like him, but why has he been avoiding me for such a long time? I am too impulsive. I said I would go, for I don't seem to be able to refuse him when he asks me. Oh, why, why did I ever tell him I would go? I do want to, but I don't want to be just picked up or left, whenever Mr. Jack Burke wishes. Of course it will make my eyes red, but I can't help crying. The door bell! I'll have to go. I know I won't have a good time, and it will be so hard to be pleasant. He might as well have stopped the motor, for I won't be down for a good while yet. I'll make him wait so I won't appear anxious." These words Bettie Rand almost sobbed out to her mother as she finished her toilette.

"Oh why did he send me orchids! They remind me so of those lovely times we had together at Elizabeth Walker's country home, and all our happy hours before he began going with Clara Dunbar. And the worst of it is, he is attention personified to me whenever we meet at parties. Clara is pretty, and he is so attentive to her too, but I don't care. I don't care—do I? Yes, I do. I can't truthfully say that I don't." These were Bettie's thoughts as she gazed into the mirror, adjusting her flowers, regretting, as she did so, her suspiciously red eyes. Kissing her mother good-bye, she went slowly down to the drawing room.

"How do you do, Jack," she said as she shook hands with the big broad-shouldered young man who rose hastily to greet her. "Oh, I'm well, thank you. I don't seem to feel good! Oh you're mistaken, I do feel fine. Don't you think we'd better be going?" said Bettie, struggling to keep from being her own jolly self.

"What a glorious breeze is blowing! Bettie, come, be your old self tonight, won't you? It is such a fine, cool night, and I know the dance will be just fine, for your know how well the Carews entertain. Bettie, what has gotten into you? You used to be such a jolly companion. Come now, let's

have one of our old good times. Jump in, and after I crank, pull this lever just like this. See! Thank you. We're off," he said, as he jumped into the car after his vigorous cranking.

"Now, Bettie, do you know why I didn't have the chauffeur tonight? I have something important to tell you. Will you listen?"

Her heart was beating fast, faster she thought than the machine was running, as it sped quickly away from the city streets to the open country roads. Should she listen? That was her greatest desire, but she must not appear eager. No, she would just seem not to have heard. If he meant it, he would tell her again, anyway.

"I beg your pardon, Jack. What did you say? I was thinking of something ten miles away. Excuse me, and I'll try to wake up."

"Oh, it was nothing. I merely remarked that these country roads were lovely, and that I left the chauffeur because I enjoy driving over them," and with a toss of his fine head, Jack thought he could be unkind just as well as Miss Bettie Rand.

"Indeed! I'm glad you enjoy it," she coolly remarked. They were now passing beneath the arc lights of a small town. She felt guilty when she heard a deep sigh escape his lips as he barely turned his head to catch a glimpse of her beautiful profile. She was relieved when they were once more in the country.

Such a dark night. Not a star was out. The only lights, by this time visible, were the strong gas lamps of the machine.

"Bettie," pleaded Jack, in his soft, kind voice, "will you answer me one question truthfully? Didn't you honestly hear what I said a minute ago?"

"Yes, Jack, of course. You said you enjoyed driving over these roads."

"Bettie, you know that wasn't it. I said I was driving because"——

"Halt! Hands up!" came a loud cry and in front of them loomed the figure of a large man. The darkness was blinding as they had just entered the stretch of road known as Lover's Lane. The car barely escaped the trees, which grew so close together as to make the darkness almost impenetrable even on the lightest nights.

"Keep your hands up and step right out," muttered the dark figure. "Be careful there. Back, Back! That's it! Fall down, that's just like ye,

all women are awkward. Don't you pick her up, she'll get up. I'll shoot ye right through the head. Stand there till I leave. I won't have ye bending around shooting me. Nice car ye have. I'll take good care of it for ye," and with these ejaculations the highwayman took the wheel, and Jack, without waiting to see the car vanish into the distance, stooped to help Bettie.

"How cold! Are you hurt? Oh! Bettie, Bettie, answer me." Quickly Jack lifted his limp burden, and hurried on toward a farm house he knew was just ahead. His anxiety made him forget her weight, but he was relieved when he reached the farmhouse door.

"Come in, come in, stranger," welcomed the kind old farmer. "What's the matter with the lady? Yes, she's fainted. Law, don't you worry. Rachel will bring her around all right. Lay her there on the sofie. Rachael, come quick!" he called up the narrow stairs.

A little, old lady appeared, who seemed just to have awakened.

"What is it, pa? The lady!" she exclaimed as she hastened over to the sofa.

"She'll soon be all right," she said, bathing the girl's face and hands with water the old man had already brought.

Upon seeing a 'phone in the next room, Jack quickly withdrew, and after engaging in a short conversation, returned to the sofa.

"Bettie," he called as he saw her eyelids flutter. She opened her eyes wide, but with a pitiful groan of pain, she closed them again and turned even paler.

"Sit down, sit down young man, and leave her to me," said the little old lady as in her excitement she struck one of Bettie's daintily clad feet! "My! what's the matter? Don't groan so, dearie. Well, no wonder, the poor child's ankle is hurt, and it's swelling fast. Pa, bring that whiskey out of the cupboard, and hurry," she called to the disappearing figure.

"Here, dearie, drink this." Putting the glass to the girl's lips, she awaited anxiously the results.

Upon drinking the fiery liquid, Bettie opened her eyes in amazement. "Where am I?" she gasped. "Jack, what has happened?"

Upon hearing his name he came quickly to the head of the sofa. "I have already telephoned to the next town for a car, and it will be here

very soon," he said quietly. "Bettie are you suffering very much? Don't worry. I will tell you all about it when you feel better."

"You'd better tell her now, young fellow. Women are so curious, she'll rest easier afterwards," philosophized the old man.

Looking straight into her blue eyes, anxious with suffering, he told his audience of three just how it happened, omitting only the words of love he murmured to Bettie as he carried her in his arms.

A loud honk! honk! interrupted the story, and the old man rose to go to the door.

"Here, I'll put your coat on, dearie. You pick her up, young man, and put her in the automobile. Take good care of her," said the kind little lady.

He lifted her, Bettie's only remonstrance being first a groan of pain, then a peaceful sigh as she was placed in the tonneau of the large car.

Revived by the fresh winds, she opened her big, blue eyes, and this time was willing to listen to the story Jack poured into her ears. He told her how much he had missed being with her this long time, and how his older brother, Dick, had asked him to help him win back his sweetheart, Clara Dunbar. He just couldn't refuse Dick's request, he told her, because the poor fellow seemed so broken-hearted. The time had seemed long to him, and it had hurt him to leave Bettie, and devote all his time to Clara.

"Bettie," he said, "I have encountered two highwaymen to-night, one was a man who stole my car, the other is a little girl with big blue eyes, who has stolen my heart."

Upon arriving at Bettie's door, they were surprised to see Jack's car standing at the curb, and out flew Dick Burke, who, shaking hands with both occupants of the hired car, hurled forth, "Congratulations folks, and don't you think I made a fine highwayman?"

JANIE DAVIS.

Class of 1912



THE history of the Class of 1912 of the Mary Baldwin Seminary begins with the session of 1899. In September of that year our first member, Luise Eisenberg, of Staunton, entered the primary department of Baldwin's. The following year, 1900, brought in another Staunton girl, Sarah James Bell, who also was destined to be a member of the class of 1912. These two began, with delight, to explore new fields, and both were armed with a "Stepping-Stones" first reader. It was not until 1903 that we gained two other members, both Staunton girls, Fannie Strauss and Nannie Timberlake. From the time of their entrance, their highest ambition was to graduate from Baldwin's, and both worked from the first with this aim in view. For a long time these four little girls worked away together with gentle Miss Nannie Tate to help them over the rough stepping-stones and praise them in all their successes.

A very important year in the history of the class was that beginning September, 1907, for it brought to our Alma Mater two of our most energetic and devoted classmates, Kate Earle Terrell, of Alabama, and Elizabeth McCue, of Mississippi. They entered as sub-Freshmen and soon showed that they would be daughters of whom the Seminary would be justly proud. Two years later, our seventh member, Josephine Mansfield, of Illinois, joined us. She has the enviable distinction of being one of the few who have been able to graduate from Mary Baldwin's in three years. Of course, throughout the years, there were many other members in our class, but at the end of our junior year, the seven girls just mentioned were the only ones left.

Our Freshman year passed with little of general interest, although for us it was full of many hard lessons and many never-to-be-forgotten good times. During the fall of our Sophomore year we watched with interest the completion of Agnes McClung Hall, which was named in memory of Miss Baldwin's faithful friend and colleague. This is a beautiful building and no one can blame Mr. King for his evident pride in it when he shows it to visitors. This year was also marked by the fact that in May, five of our classmates received their Latin certificates from Miss Strickler, and ever since, this has been a milepost in our road to knowledge.

It was not until our Junior year that we began really to understand what

it would mean to graduate. Then it was that we began to "dream dreams" and see visions of final exams. with their nerve-racking possibilities, social events in "honor of the seniors," class-day exercises, and finally the half gay, half sad good-byes. Among the first of these events was the reception given by our class in honor of the class of 1911. Nearly the entire first floor of Main Building was thrown open to our guests, whom Miss Weimar, Miss Riddle, our class patron, and other members of the faculty helped us in receiving. Throughout the year we all served, in turn, as ushers, at the various soirees, in this way, introducing a new custom. In the Junior year also, we made our first explorations in the study of Psychology. For that and other reasons this year proved the hardest and most important from the point of view of scholarship.

The first girl to arrive at Mary Baldwin's at the beginning of our senior year was one of our classmates, and in a few days the whole class had returned. We were organized at once and re-elected the following officers. Kate Earle Terrell, President; Elizabeth McCue, Vice-President; Nannie Timberlake, Secretary; Fannie Strauss, Treasurer. Dr. A. M. Fraser was chosen class patron. We began our career as Seniors with a tea in September for the benefit of the "Bluestocking," and were well pleased with the results. From time to time throughout the year we were entertained by classmates and outside friends, and always enjoyed these occasions as only school girls can. One of the most delightful of these entertainments was a dinner given us in March by the Sophomores.

In November of our Senior year occurred one of the most important events which the class of 1912 was instrumental in bringing about. This was the organization of the Student Association, the object of which was to raise the standards and promote school spirit among the student body. Kate Earle Terrell, as president of the Senior Class, acted also as chairman of the executive committee of the association. As a result of this organization a new feature was introduced into the closing exercises of the school in the form of "Association Day." This combined class day with other exercises in which the whole student body joined.

On Tuesday, May 28, 1912, the day to which we had looked forward so eagerly and yet with a feeling of regret, we received our diplomas in the collegiate department of the Mary Baldwin Seminary. In accordance with an old, old custom, we then sang "Auld Lang Syne," and our school days at Baldwin's were over.

CLASS HISTORIAN.

Class Prophecy

Rome, Italy,

July, 1912.

Dear Girls:

The fates seemed determined that I should keep that promise I half-jokingly made to you at our last class-meeting. You remember you begged me to stop at Cumae, and see if our friend, the sibyl, had not left some news of our futures. I had given up the idea entirely; but a wreck delayed us for three hours in that sleepy old town, and just as I was casting about for some way to pass the time, your request and my promise flashed into my mind. Accordingly, I set out to search for the cave.

After much futile questioning of the natives, I was finally directed to what seemed from the outside to be a rough, stone hut, built in the side of a hill. The opening was covered by a heavy door of solid rock. At the sight of this, my heart failed within me. Was I to be unsuccessful because of a door? The fates, however, were very kind, for as I approached, the door swung gently open wide enough for me to enter easily. The room into which I came was low and damp; it was dark, too, except for the light that came in through the half-open door. By this light I could see perfectly all parts of the cave, and its contents, which were principally oak leaves. All would have gone well had not my curiosity overcome me; when I saw the multitude of musty leaves on the floor of the room, I began to poke about to see what I could find, forgetting entirely that the suppliant must not meddle with the prophetess' materials. My absorption was soon broken by a mighty rustling behind me, and I turned in time to see seven leaves escaping through the open door. Instantly I forgot the other seven million leaves about my feet, and went chasing after the seven as if my life depended upon my recovering all of them. They seemed equally bent upon escaping my grasp, and I was almost out of breath before I succeeded in capturing the first one. Stopping just long enough to decipher the name and satisfy myself that these seven leaves contained our fates, I pursed the other six, and finally,

after much effort gathered them up. Finding that I still had an hour before I must return to the train, I seated myself on a shady knoll, and eagerly scanned the leaves to find out what they had to say for us. I will give you the results briefly.

The first one was labeled "Sarah," and underneath, the words, "Home—Social Leader." At once there arose before my mind the vision of our capable "Sally Jim," managing the Bell household as successfully as she handled calculus problems at school, and finding time also to take her place in Staunton's social circle; taking her lead in both without neglecting either, and having time and energy left to manage "someone else" too.

Another was marked, "Luise—Own Home." Natural enough, for where else would Luise fit in so well as in a nice, cozy home of her own, where she, too, is mistress of all she surveys! Won't it be ideal if "He" is a musician?

On another I found, "Josephine—Editor." Why haven't we always known, that after two years' experience with "The Bluestocking" and after triumphs in two history courses, she would launch forth as editor of the Current Events column of "The Review of Reviews?"

Number four informs us that Elizabeth is to have her wish to be an old-maid school teacher. Don't be horrified, for Fate also promises her the chair of Latin in a well-known college. After such a brilliant career in the Seminary in Latin and other branches, Elizabeth will fill this position with credit to her Alma Mater.

Number five brought more of a surprise than any of the others, in announcing that Fannie is to conduct tours in Europe. I had always imagined that she would be at the head of some large mercantile firm, but her business ability will have full play in her promised career, and will no doubt be a comfort to her patrons. Let's all go to Europe with her when our ship comes in.

The sixth was marked "Kate Earle—President of Confederation of Clubs." After having been president of every organization in which she was eligible for that office, she certainly is well fitted for such a position, which she will fill, I am sure, with such grace and dignity as were always hers at M. B. S.

According to the seventh and last, Nannie is to be an author. Her imag-

ination and her pleasant style would have won her a name at school had she not been so occupied with other and more pressing duties. With leisure to pursue her bent, I bespeak for her a rapid ascent to the heights of fame.

By the time I had finished looking over these seven and had mused over their appropriateness for a while, I was ready and eager to return to the cave and pry into the future of others of my friends; but alas, the door was shut and refused to open, either of its own accord or in response to any force that I could bring to bear upon it, and I was forced to be content and return to my party.

The seven leaves I am guarding as a miser does his treasure, and hope to be able to give each of you her own at an early class reunion.

Yours in haste,



In Our Class

We know there are many kinds of ships,
There are large ships, there are small;
There are scholarships and courtships,
There are hardships for us all.

But of all the ships within this life,
O'er all but one I'd pass;
For there is no ship that can compare
With the friendship of our class.

A Retrospect

September



SEPTEMBER.

selves by literally proving that "rubber will stretch." The following is an example of the night-letters sent flying over the wires after 10 p. m., September 30:

Dear Father:—Had Senior Tea to-night—"Busted"—Send check.

Anxiously,

Your Loving Daughter.

October

The 4th, being the birthday of Mary Julia Baldwin, was made a holiday, a day when the weary might rest. The reception in the church parlors on the evening of the 12th, had a full representation from the Seminary. The girls went without chaperones, and found it a pleasing experience (no offence to the chaperones), the only breach of etiquette being that they had to "eat and run." Polk Miller and his three Southern negroes gave a delightful and instructive entertainment on the 13th. The masquerade ball given by the girls of Hill Top, on the 21st, was one of the most exciting features of the month, and some of the young "gentlemen" proved charming escorts. Professor and Mrs. deHaas made a marked impression in their recital on the 27th. "The Fair Co-Ed," on the 27th, was attractive and pleasing, and caused the girls to regret the unkind fate that had buried them in an atmosphere so averse to co-education. The Y. W. C. A. Hallowe'en fete was the last social event of the month.



November

With the poet we realized that "the melancholy days had come, the saddest of the year," and to add tone and color to the gloomy aspect, the "Red Heads" were collected and taken for a lovely picnic on the 4th, by Mr. King, the friend of the "strawberry blonde." On the 10th Dr. Wendling delivered a beautiful lecture on Jackson, and when he spoke on the next evening on

Robert E. Lee, he won the hearts, not of Virginians and Southerners only, but of all his hearers.

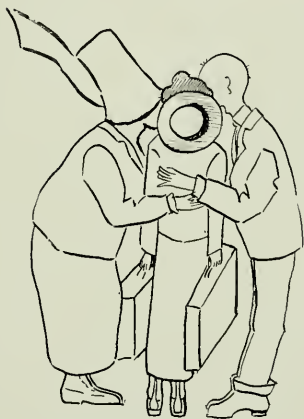
The young ladies found the football game between S. M. A. and V. M. I., November 11th, a thrilling and noteworthy event because it was "so

MY HAIR WILL SOON BE AS
THIN AS IT WAS WHEN I
WAS CHRISTENED
IN THIS
CHAPEL.



different." Woodrow Wilson, formerly of Staunton, honored the school by a visit and address on the 16th. Professor and Mrs. deHaas gave a recital

on the 17th, which needs no comment. On the 18th, Miss Strauss was hostess to the Senior Class in her own charming manner. The Glee Club from the University of Virginia gave an entertainment at the Beverley Theatre on the 24th. Miss Weimar generously advertised this concert long before hand by the frequent remark, "If you do, you can't go to the Glee Club!" On the 25th Misses Fitch and Hamlin and Professor Schmidt gave their recital and crowned themselves with glory. On the 30th, Thanksgiving Day, we had a big dinner and the German Club dance; these being the first of the year, were the occasion of great rejoicing and much excitement.



DECEMBER.

December

The one event of the month was Christmas! It was "Christmas" for breakfast, dinner, supper; "Christmas" for recitations, and "Christmas" for sleeping hours. On the 8th came the Christmas soiree. The S. M. A. Minstrels on the 9th, furnished subject for comment for several weeks, their jokes and musical numbers becoming public property. School closed for the holidays on the 21st and the good-byes were said without tears.

January

At 9 o'clock on the 4th, the bell for chapel sent forth its doleful summons, and a sleepy, heavy-hearted procession filed into study-hall. The many books under their arms were dusty, and their pencils were untrimmed, but within a few days the spirit of "the morning after the night before" wore



JANUARY.

off, and the girls were the merry students of M. B. S. again. Mr. Preston, returned missionary from Korea, talked in an interesting manner of the conditions of civilization in that country, on the 17th. Privileges were granted on the 19th to those who had "conducted themselves properly" during the first half. Some truth is truer than the poet's truth; witness—

"Of all sad words of pen or tongue,
The saddest are these—exams. have come."

They were ushered in on the 22d, and filled us with terror lest, before the week-end, we should be ushered out. In the halls, to and from meals, girls unaccustomed to study went slowly along with heads bowed and brows contracted in deep thought, doing five months' work in one week. Moral—"Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow."



FEBRUARY

On the evening of the 2nd, Ernest Hutcheson, of Peabody Conservatory, gave a recital for the M. B. S. girls in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. The S. M. A. band was so much attracted by the man that they serenaded him in the middle of his performance, and he so appreciated their attention that he left off playing and listened, held entranced by the melodious strains from the horns and the mellow peals of the drum, until the last tones had

died away. The much-anticipated Washington and Lee concert was given on the 9th. To say it was a glee club entertainment is sufficient. Miss Hamlin's play, "A Virginia Heroine," on the 16th, was indeed a credit to instructor and class. Dr. R. T. McLees, of Chatham, Virginia, held a series of meetings in the First Presbyterian Church, beginning on Monday, the 19th, and continuing throughout the week. The services were attended by the girls with great interest and benefit. A holiday on the 26th made everybody joyful. The 29th day seemed very thoughtless to come in a school month.

March*



The clouds mourned the departure of winter day and night, putting on their most somber garments and shedding forth tears on the dismal earth beneath, scarcely allowing one sunshiny smile to interfere with their grief. The girls didn't mind, however, for it was a season of work, and pretty weather wouldn't suit the old winter hats anyway!

The pupils of Professor Eisenberg gave a recital on the evening of the 8th, in which they distinguished themselves. On the next Friday evening, the 15th, Professor Hamer's pupils made their appearance, and following that, Professor Schmidt "put on" his violinists and pianists on the 29th. To

name the instructors is to compliment in highest terms their entertainment.

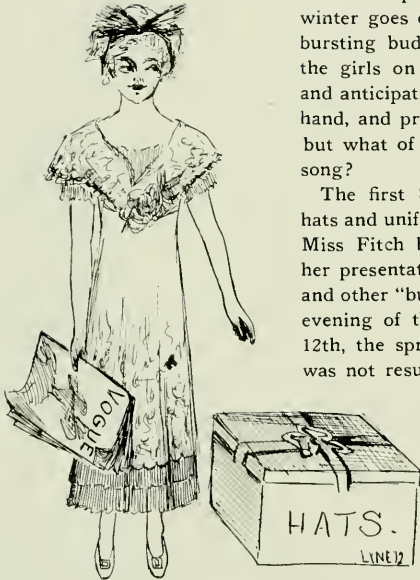
*The happenings from this point are merely conjectured, but next year's "Bluestocking" will tell it as it is.

April

"When spring comes in at the window, winter goes out at the door." Everywhere bursting buds and cheerful warblings and the girls on the terraces, full of new life and anticipation! Examinations are near at hand, and preparations for commencement; but what of that when all the earth is a song?

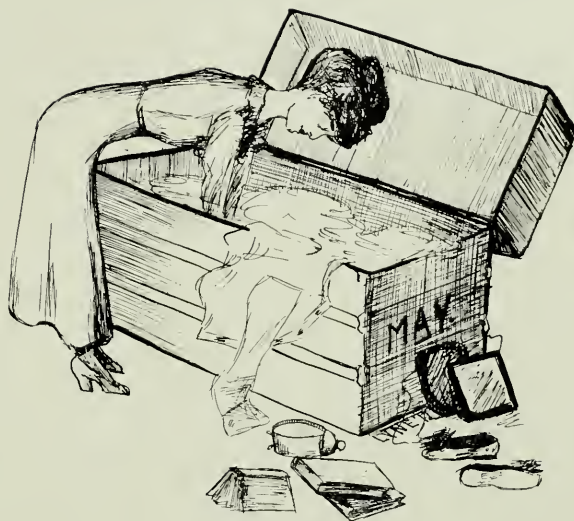
The first Sunday was Easter, and new hats and uniforms were very much in vogue. Miss Fitch brought thoughts of spring in her presentation of the "bonnie milkmaids" and other "buxom lasses" in her class on the evening of the 11th. Then, on Friday, the 12th, the spring holidays began, and work was not resumed until the following Tues-

day. Suit cases and an air of "Don't I look nice?" were sure signs of our girls' taking advantage of the season for visiting. Miss Hamlin's pupils in their recital on the 26th, showed that they had been trained by no 'prentice hand.



May

Bitter was the grief on the 3d day that the last recital of the year was to be given that evening. Friday night after Friday night the "circus benches" had been filled with delicate soiree dresses, above which loomed smiling and



interested countenances. But alas! There is an end to all things! Until the 20th, all was a busy buzz with preparations for exams. and the many other troubles accompanying the close of school; then followed the quiet of despair, when "Did you pass?" was the mysterious "pass word" of those especially who expected to return in the fall. Exams. closed on Friday, the 24th, just before the arrival of the Alumnæ. On Saturday evening came the art reception. Dr. Fraser delivered the baccalaureate address on Sunday. Monday was Association Day, and the Commencement Recital was given that evening. Tuesday, Commencement Day, came as the crowning event of the year.

And after that, one grand rush—the rush for home!

LYDIA B. BECK.

In Memoriam

Lucile Wilson Blewitt

Died December 5, 1911

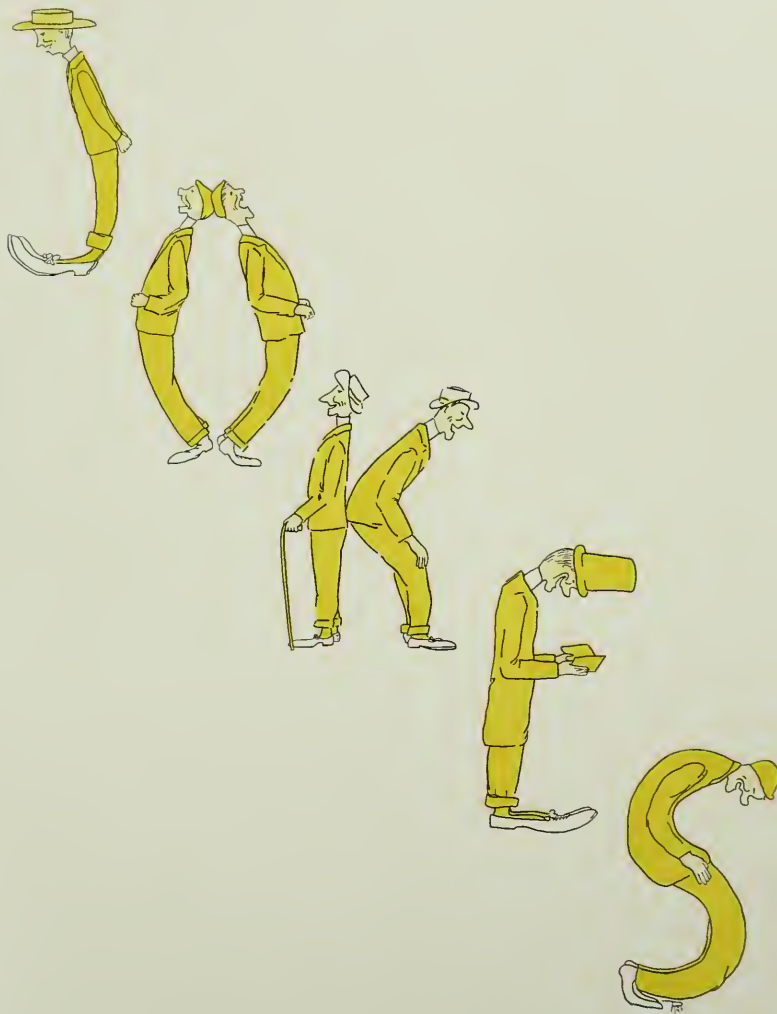
In Memoriam

Annie Ruth Turner

Died March 5, 1912



AGNES McCLUNG HALL



To the Faculty



HE poor over-worked little school-master stood in the door of the country school-house and rang his bell out loud and long. Down the road the pupils straggling one by one, quickened their pace. Even careful, proper little Theresa tried to go faster by sliding her feet along in the dust as if she were on roller-skates. Behind her a girl with black hair and eyes stepped aside to get out of the cloud of dust that rose as if from an automobile.

"You horrid thing!" she said, her face red with anger as she stooped to brush off her new shoes. "You are ruining my pretty clothes!"

The master sighed when he heard this, "Oh dear, I can never teach Eugenia not to be vain, and to control her temper—but she is a smart child."

Shading his eyes with his hand, he looked far down the road where three dark figures were outlined against the sky.

"Who is that, Helen?" he asked of the girl who came up to the door with a book under her arm and her chin aspiring heavenward. Following the direction of his finger, she said,

"Oh, that's Ella Clare. I told her she would be late if she stopped to get those children."

"What children?"

"Johnny and Abby."

"I do wish Ella Clare would not bring children to school. I never saw such a girl," he mumbled to himself. "She is always playing with the neighborhood children."

"Martha," he said aloud, "why do you have your sleeves rolled up like that? You look like an Irish washerwoman."

"Well, the idea is this," interrupted Helen. "She is part Irish and part Scotch."

The little man rang the bell for silence, and one by one the pupils filed in. Among them was a boy with the real "bright and morning face." He jerked off his cap with one hand while he carelessly dropt a caterpillar down Laura's back. Yelling at the top of her voice, the girl ran out of the room.

"Why Wayt, I am surprised!"

"Oh, Mr. B.," said the boy coming forward with a big red apple in his hand, "do have this apple. It is the best we have on the farm this winter, in fact it is the best on the market."

"Wayt, I saw what you did. Suppose you go beg Laura's pardon," answered Mr. B.

A few minutes later the boy passed the window on horseback, waving his cap at the girls. He soon disappeared in a cloud of dust. In the little school-house it was as if the sun had gone behind a cloud. The door opened slowly.

"Good morning, Edith, why are you late this time?" the teacher asked without looking up.

"Oh, I couldn't get up early this morning for I didn't sleep more than eight hours last night."

"Very well, let's get to work," said the poor little man as he placed his spectacles so that he could see over them easily. "Virginia, please go to the board and decline agricola—farmer. Theresa, you may go also and do your German lesson.

"Now, I am ready to hear the class in American history."

Martha and her sister Anne came forward carrying their dog-eared history books.

"Please report as to the time you have spent in preparation, Anne?"

"I meant to spend an hour."

"But did you?"

"I think I did."

"Martha?"

"Fifty-five minutes."

"But I told you an hour."

"Oo!" and Abby ran screeching to Ella Clare, her eyes filled with tears.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. B—

"I just gave her a sugar-pill," said Nannie. I didn't know it would make her sick. There, aren't you feeling better, child?"

"I pass on," said the teacher when all was quiet again. "What is your lesson about, Martha?"

"The war."

"What war?"

"Why, THEE war," said Martha, "the Civil War."

"Martha, suppose you come after school and learn sixty lines of 'Paradise Lost,' to help you remember to study an hour. The English class may come next. While I am hearing this class you may go to the board, Sadie and Nellie, and do your Arithmetic."

"Boo-hoo!" came from the back of the room.

The teacher sighed as he looked at little Johnny, his mouth wide open and his hair on end.

"What's the matter?" asked Ella Clare.

"I want-a-go-home."

After much discussion it was decided that the two children should go home. Abby, however, refused to leave until Ella Clare danced for her. Meanwhile Virginia took her seat having finished her work. In amazement Mr. B. looked at it.

"Agricola—I am a farmer.

"Agricolas—You are a farmer.

"Agricolat—He is a farmer."

He sighed and went on.

"What are we studying about today, Carrie?"

"Sheats and Kelly," answered the demure little girl in a lady-like voice.

"No, 'tain't, it's the Progress of the Pilgrim's Bunion," said Marianna emphatically.

"Suppose you spell 'Keats,' Nannie," he said, turning to the third little girl: "your knowledge isn't worth a cent if you can't spell."

"K-e-e-t-s, Keats," said Nannie in a satisfied tone of voice.

"Teacher," interrupted Alice May, "some one is chewing gum. I smell it." She sniffed all around.

"Silence," roared the teacher. "Let us proceed."

Cautiously Mary Laurie took out a large wad of gum and stuck it on her desk.

"Didn't you have to write poetry today?"

"Yes, sir," said Marianna. "Here it is:

" 'A little fly sat on the wall. All of a sudden he came mighty near falling.' "

"Ouch," came in unmistakable tones from the back of the room.

"Who was that?"

"Me," said Anna M., rising. "Mary Laurie pinched me."

"Mary!" reproved the teacher.

"Well she stole my chewing gum," answered the girl addressed.

"Both of you may stay after school. Give me your poetry and I will correct it tonight."

The whole room was in a titter and Mr. B. glanced around him to see what was the cause of this mirth.

"Sadie," he said in surprise, "what are you doing?"

The little girl had filled one whole blackboard with life-like pictures of the teacher in various acts.

"Take your seat, Sadie. I am astonished. What have you done, Nellie?" He turned to the tall slim girl at the board.

"I-I-I—d-d-don't know h-h-how to do it," stuttered Nellie.

Just at that moment a bean hit the surprised Mr. B. on the nose.

"Who did that?"

A small innocent-looking girl almost disappeared under her desk as she said, "I did."

Going to her seat, Br. B. found that by means of an ink bottle, a ruler, and a pin, she had formed a lever and was experimenting with the beans she was to plant in botany that day.

The old man chuckled. "You'll be a great scientist some day, Mary," he said.

Just here the bell for dismissal rang. After the pupils had all scrambled out, the teacher sighed, wiped his brow, and sighed again. All at once he sat up and stared at the board. Unable to believe his eyes, he rubbed his glasses, put them on again and read,

"The dog is an animal.

"Das Doge a animo."

Alphabet

- A** is for Andrews, two same as one;
When you "do" Dorothy, Mary is "done."
- B** begins bells, which never end here;
From the sharp call to rise to "light-bell" so dear.
- C** is it Coursen? For "Katty" needs "K";
She's always and ever a brightening ray.
- D** for Dorothy, which one shall it be?
They'll have to draw straws, for we have two times three.
- E** everlasting, our unceasing joys (?),
The grey uniforms, and the S. M. A. boys.
- F** that means feasts! Sh! Tip! Barely breathe!
There's danger—Beware!—in the room just beneath.
- G** gracious Girls, who return every year;
As Seniors go out, Juniors bring up the rear.
- H** is for Haste! Breakfast bell every morning
Finds girls in all stages of speedy adorning.
- I** for Intentions, though ne'er carried out,
You meant well enough, this no one would doubt.
- J** must be Janie; she's from Arkansas,
And is a good friend of the Miss Odenbaugh.
- K** suggests King; King suggests only one,
About whom all revolve—in a nutshell, our sun.
- L** stands for Lucie; she's "Bully" to us,
For she's so full of life that nickname her we mus'.
- M** is for Moons, Baldwin's planet has two;
Do you think that two Moore would the thing overdo?

N that means Nannie, beloved by her class,
A winning, won (?) winsome, and wary young lass.

O for the Office! and on the sixth day
Many girls sought its shadows, their verses to say.

P is for Pie; it's for punctual, too;
On Wednesday at noon are the various pies due.

Q starts the Quiz; what need to say more?
The first pass you make is to pass out the door.

R resignation; you made but one pass—
The pass through the door! You'll go back in your class.

S stands for Staunton, city set on a hill;
It stood firm through the war, it stands firmer now still.

T for our "Tabby," she isn't a cat,
For "what's in a name?" She can paint "for a' that."

U for Unchanging; we've round rolls and long,
But a meal without rolls would indeed seem all wrong.

V for Virginia, who sings like a lark,
In whose eyes brightly gleaming is energy's spark.

W for the Wisdom, which we meant to snatch.
Have control of your patience! We may yet find a patch.

X well, why trouble? It won't stand for love—
It's the unknown quantity of the above.

Y yesterday, when first we assembled,
With quivering knees and voices that trembled.

Z being last of the whole alphabet,
Like old Brindle's tail was never first yet.

LYDIA B. BECK.

Book Shelf

A Girl In Ten Thousand	Kate Earle.
In The Palace of The King	In Mr. King's office.
Vanity Fair	Dorothy Carr.
Wanted: A Chaperon	Frances Williams.
The Opened Shutters	Upper McClung.
The Climax	Exams.
Freckles	Sarah Caldwell
Cherub Divine	Frances Mayberry (?)
Wild Kitty	Kitty McElderry
The Veiled Lady	Molly Worthington
In Times of Peril	Midnight feasts
The Battle of the Strong	"Sister"
The Silent Place	Lower McClung
Prisoners of Hope	Baldwin Girls
The Comrades	Najah and Emma
The Awkward Age	Louise Gregory
Recollections, Grave and Gay	Seniors
At My Window	R. A.
The Kentucky Cardinal	Todd Saffell
Not Like Other Girls	Mary Mayes
The Arkansas Traveller	Virginia Brown
Bashful (?) Fifteen	Theresa Smith
Colgates' Catalogue of Perfumes	Josie
Much Ado About Nothing	Marion C.
My Friend the Chauffeur	Dean Dillard
The House of a Thousand Candles	2nd Floor Hill Top
The Slim Princess	Marzelle Hart
Idyls (Idols) of the King	The Red Heads
Love's Labor Lost	E. Bullock
My Lady Caprice	C. Hassler
The Ne'er-Do-Well	Andrena Le M—

A Pair of Blue Eyes	Edith Bryson
Thrift	The Business Manager
A Chance Acquaintance	Catherine Hickox
The Girl and the Bill	Mable O.
The Port of Missing Men	Baldwins
With Lee in Virginia	Nannie Timberlake

Music Back

Beautiful Lady.....	Edith Bryson
Honey Man.....	Mr. King
The Hour That Gave Me You.....	M. B. S.
The Harbor of Love.....	Terrace
The Land of Harmony.....	Choral Class
Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet.....	November 1st
Fiddle Up.....	Ruth Stewart
Light Up Your Face With a Smile.....	Virginia B.
Red Wing.....	Lilla Tynes
Take Away Dried Apple Pies.....	W. and L.
Moving Day in Jungle Town.....	May 28th
My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean.....	A. Woods
Waltz Me Around Again, Willie.....	Mable
Down in the Depths.....	Virginia Winter
Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep	E. Camp
Case! Case! Case!.....	Frances M.
Mother O'Mine.....	May 29th
In Gay Paris.....	Deatherages
Steamboat Bill	"Bill" Pindell
By the Light of the Silver Moon.....	Ellen
Every Little Movement.....	D. Rhodes
Kiss Me	Lucile Millsaps
O, You Dear, Delightful Women	Faculty
I Want to Powder My Nose.....	M. B. S. Girls

Bless Your Ever Loving Heart.....	Lily Woods
I've Got a Pain in My Sawdust.....	"Bully"
Sing Me to Sleep	Upper McClung
Just A'wearyin' for You.....	A Holiday
Two Little Love Bees.....	Ellen and Corinne
Oh You Blondy.....	M. D.
Are You Sincere?	L. T.
Sweetest Girl in Dixie.....	"Sister"
Shine on Harvest Moon.....	Helen M.
Dear Old Tennessee.....	Corinne
The Garden of Dreams.....	June 1st



U's and other U's

K.—I've a swap for you, Fannie.

F.—Oh! do tell me.

K.—Someone said you reminded him of Spring.

F.—I'm so thrilled! Why?

K.—So fresh and green.

Miss W.—Heautontimorumenos—What does that mean?

V. L. S.—I don't know. I think it's the longest word in the English language.

Lilly W.—I love horse-shows and I'm crazy about the tantrums.

Miss W.—Dorothy, where were the Pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales going?

D. C.—To Mecca.

Josie S.—O, dear! I'm crazy to go home. I do wish an epidermis would break out here.

Louise M.—My hair is coming out so, I must send home for a transportation.

D. Carr (after Bible Class)—I think Miss Mattoon is a wonderful Bible teacher—she has the patience of Jonah.

Miss R.—Josie, when did Washington go to New Jersey?

J.—Not until the winter champagne was over.

Miss W.—Which of Burns' poems did you learn?

Helen G.—"Green grow the lasses, O!"

Josie—How do you like my cologne, Miss Streit? It cost \$4.00 an ounce.
Miss S.—I think \$1.00 would have been strong enough.

Art History Teacher—How is Diana, the goddess of the chase, sometimes represented?

Bright Pupil—With a shotgun.

J. S. (coming in from walking)—Oh! I saw the most infackuating man!

Miss W.—When do we go to the play?

R. H. (after deep thought)—In the winter time.

Mary Nelson (to Miss H.)—I'm going to have a tea-party and invite Wi-wi (Miss Weimar), Mary Ann (Miss Higgins), and Mary Sue.

There was a young lady named Sass
Who stood very high in her class,
She left us one day
At Augusta to stay—
O, how we did love that dear lass!

Can You Imagine

M. B. S. without a bell?
"Gin" without that bow?
The dining-room quiet?
A real man dancing in "Gym"?
Antoinette—dignified?
Mildred Becker making a noise?
Anna Ruckman—impertinent?
"Sassy"—a debutante?
"Katty" with a train?
Todd not getting 99?
Mr. King without a smile?
Miss Hurlburt taking anti-fat?
Argyle with a pompadour?
Agnes with black hair?
Madam Zeek on ice-skates?
A five-minute sermon?
Staunton without Kable "Lights"?
M. W. weighing 96?
Miss Woodrow reading a dime novel?
"Sister" breezing in church?
Molly seeing through a joke?
Elizabeth McCue—a chorus girl?
"Bully" without that K. A. pin?

Daffodils

If the Andrews are a pair, is Anna Peach?
If the water were deep, could Hazel Ford? She could if Agnes Wood.
If you had a steed, would you want a Carr, and would you use Dorothy Rhodes?
If Sarah went to the Infirmary, would she still be Caldwell?
If the Lamb were lost, would Sarah Hunter?
Would Anne Peach? I don't know, but I think Ruth Hopwood.
If we had lamps could we use Marion Wicks?
If we were allowed to play cards, would Harriet Deal?
When Edna shuts the door, does Mabel Lockett?
If the sunshine makes Virginia Brown, why is Corinne White and Mary Black?
If Kitty McElderry likes a Valley, does Anne Adele?
When the grass gets too long, could you use a Louise Moore?
If M. B. S. were in Canada, would Antionette Tyssowski?
If we killed the cat, would Katherine Skinner?
If a tree by McClung were cut down, would we say Elizabeth Felder?
If an M. B. S. girl committed murder, would Mary Preston Hanger? No, but Agnes Wood.
Why is May Wise? Because she likes Frances Moore than anyone else.
If the school burned up, would Annie Laura Camp?
If Stuart Hall plays basketball, will Mary Baldwin? Of course!

Wanted

A pair of seven league boots	E. McCue
A holiday	M. B. S.
A permanent case	C. Hassler
Some "Moore"	May Wise
Better arrangements for soiree rehearsals	
Everything White	"Arleen"
A cure for the "blues"	V. Winter
Volunteers?	Miss W—d—w
All she can get	Everyone
A "Bell"	Corinne
A position as playwright	Mlle.
A permanent excuse from church	Ellen Lamar
To know if the bell has rung	Frances Williams
Cute Jokes	The Editors
A "Sister"	Todd
More trade	Miss Shawen
A Victor Talking Machine	H. Ford
A great Deal	"Bully"
To be a bird	L. Gregory
A man	A. L. C.
"Home, Sweet Home"	J. Davis
Dips	The Seniors

M. B. S. Pong

E. B.	Exceedingly Beautiful
D. D.	Decidedly Daring
L. E. B.	Lively Entertaining "Bully"
M. T. M.	Makes Thrilling Music
M. P.	Marvelously Perfumed
L. B.	Ladylike Behavior
S. P. C.	Sometimes Powerfully Cute
E. W. M.	Enviously Wise Maiden
C. A.	Comical Answers
S. J. B.	Student Justly Bright
E. C.	Ever Coming
L. G.	Losing Ground
C. H.	Continuously Hungry
E. L. C.	Ever Laughingly Comical
M. H.	Mostly Height
C. L.	Constantly Longing
L. M.	Likes "Mushiness"
F. M.	Frequently Mischievous
E. P.	Ever Popular
J. S.	Jumbled Statements
A. T.	Accelerated Talker (?)
K. E. T.	Keen Embodied Tact
M. W.	Musically Wise
N. T.	Naturally Talented
F. S.	Fine Student (?)
A. L. W.	Always "Literary" Wise
M. C. A.	Much Chatting About
T. S.	Trust "Sister"

The Final Quiz

- I. Why did you come to the Seminary?
 1. From force of gravity. L. E. B.
 2. 'Tis a riddle. S. P. C.
 3. Because I had never been there before. L. L. L.
 4. Ask Mother. N. F. T.
 5. To expand my cerebellum. L. B.
 6. To be an honor to the family. J. S.
- II. What was the greatest misfortune you have had?
 1. Lack of common sense. E. B.
 2. Gaining twenty pounds. M. K. B.
 3. Having to wait for letters forwarded from Paris. D. D.
 4. Getting up early on Saturday by mistake. A. L. G.
 5. Being locked up in the closet when the eats came. J. S.
- III. What was the most important event in your career in this institution?
 1. Miss Weimar gave me a pat on the shoulder. A. L. G.
 2. Meeting Mr. King. L. L. L.
 3. Answering a volunteer question in Lit. E. W. M.
 4. The Red-head ride. D. C.
- IV. How have you spent the greater part of your time while a student here?
 1. Working to keep from working. L. B.
 2. Fussing. S. P. C.
 3. Dreading the other part. L. L. L.
 4. "Digging." E. W. M.
 5. Counting days. N. F. T.
 6. Growing. S. J. B.
 7. Complaining of being "rushed." D. D.
- V. What are you going to do after you leave school?
 1. Strive for a M. R. S. after my name. A. L. G.
 2. Chase up a man. E. W. M.
 3. Take advantage of Leap Year. M. C.
 4. A great deal. L. E. B.
- VI. Upon what does your future happiness depend?
 1. Upon making the best of Leap Year while it lasts. D. C.
 2. On my husband. L. D. W.
 3. A check. L. St. J.
 4. On being six feet tall. L. E.

M. B. S.

POND	HOOK	BAIT	CORK
Augusta	"Sassy" Teague	Unselfishness	Miss Mattoon
Miss Weimar's Office	"Lizzie" McCue	Goodness	Miss Weimar
Timber Lake	"Idit" Bryson	Beauty	Nannie
Ecd	"Bully"	Cheerfulness	K. A.
Terrace	"Sally" Wilson	Sweet Disposition	Kitty
Jr. Lit. Society Room	"Ag" Woods	Hair	Jr. Literary Society
Vancouver	"Vancouver" Hayes	Nerve	Vancouver
Memorial	"Pris Earle" Terrell	Self-possession	Miss Riddle
2d Floor Hill-Top	"Dick" Worthington	English Wit	Bachelors
Practice Hall	"Wicks"	Good Looks	May-berries
Library	"Red" Caldwell	Everything	Kate Earle
M. B. S.	"Nan Timberlake	Attractiveness	Edith
No. 6 Hill Top	"Arleen" Bell	Charm	White
Studio	"Lyne"	Disposition	Miss Meetze
Universities	"Gin" Lipscomb	Devotion	T. T.
The Crowd	"Katty" Coursen	Lovableness	Everyone
Class Room (?)	"Bill" Pindell	Everything	Carl
The Right Place	"Sally Jim" Bell	Good Sense	Ellen
A Battlefield	"Sister" Woodrow	Sweetness	Todd
A "Box"	"Lane" Lamb	Truthfulness (?)	Jack
Main Street	"Fann" Strauss	Unselfishness	Hermann

Fish Pond

SINKER	WILL ANGLE FOR	WILL CATCH	WHEN IT LANDS
Feet	A Debut	A Title	"Kwa-Kwa"
Frowning	A Secretaryship	A Missionary	"The Nerve of the Working Class"
Peevishness	V. M. I.	A Companion	"I'm So Peeved"
Saying "I Told You so"	Wm. and Mary Finals	Nothing	"Good-night—"
Bashfulness	Social Success	What She Wants	"Come to See Me"
Talkativeness	China	M. B. S.	"Great Day"
Biting	Vancouver	Return Ticket to Vancouver	"Vancouver"
Energy	A School	What Father Says	"Well, I Guess"
Veil	A Man	A Sucker	"Well, I Never"
The Accordion	Accomplishments	The Same	"It's Perfectly Disgusting"
Noise on Hall	Privileges	A Squelching	"I'm So Mad"
Blushing	Single Blessedness	The Mischief	"Uhm-hum"
Voice	Love	A Lover	"Oh, My Dear"
Faultlessness	Success as an Artist	A Woodcutter	"Hi!"
Conceit	Style	A Bow	"Where's Edith?"
Singing	Goodness	The Opposite	"Bebe"
Studiosness (?)	Home	It	"Say, Kids"
Height	An Orange	A Peach	"O Cutie"
Smile	A Victory	Swordfish	"Do Me"
Appetite	Notice	Attention	"I'm Nearly Starved"
Tongue	Freedom	A Book-agent	"I Don't Care"

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Irvin, Kitty Mae	Reidsville, North Carolina
Johnston, Sibyl	Mt. Sidney, Virginia
Johnston, Lucile	Charlotte, North Carolina
Jordon, Martha	Marietta, Oklahoma
Kellery, Xenia	Cowen, West Virginia
Kenner, Elsie	Rogersville, Tennessee
Lacy, Louise	Jasper, Alabama
Lamb, Mattie	Norfolk, Virginia
Lang, Helen,	Staunton, Virginia
Lankford, Sue	Staunton, Virginia
Lapsley, Sara	Ashland, Virginia
Leaman, Mary	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Le Massena, Andrena	Glen Ridge, New Jersey
Liclider, Vernon	Staunton, Virginia
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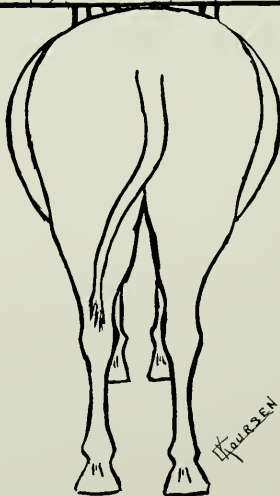


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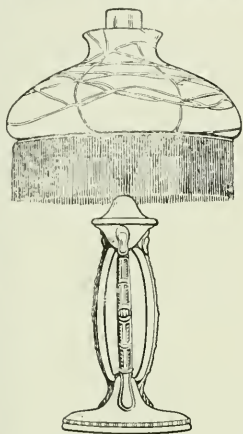
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